

Portry.

HYMN—For the First of August.

Air—Boury Doon.

O, holy Father!—just and true
Are all thy works, and words, and ways,
And unto thee alone are due
Thanksgiving and eternal praise.
As children of Thy gracious care,
We veil the eye—we bend the knee,
With broken words of praise and prayer,
Father and God, we come to Thee.

For thou hast heard, O God of right,
The sighing of the island slave,
And stretched for him the arm of might,
Not shortened that it could not save.
The laborer sits beneath his vine,
The shackled soul and hand are free—
Thanksgiving,—for the work is Thine—
Praise,—for the blessing is of Thee.

And, oh, we feel thy presence here—
Thy awful arm in judgment bare!
Thine eye hath seen the bondman's tear—
Thine ear hath heard the bondman's prayer.
Praise,—for the pride of man is low,
The counsels of the wise are nought,
The fountains of repentance flow;
What hath our God in mercy wrought!

Speed on thy work, Lord God of hosts,
And when the bondman's chain is riven,
And swells from all our guilty coasts
The anthem of the free to heaven.
Oh, not to those, whom Thou hast led,
As with thy cloud and fire before,
But unto Thee, in fear and dread,
Be praise and glory ever more!

We have altered the chorus of the following song by J. T. Robinson so as better to suit the times

We go for Dissolution.

We are coming, we are coming, freedom's battle is begun,
No hand shall furl her banner ere her victory be won!
Our shields are locked for liberty, and mercy goes before;
Tyrants, tremble in your citadel, oppression shall be o'er.

We go for Dissolution.

And "No union with slaveholders,"
Shall ring throughout the land.

We have hatred, dark and deep, for the fitter and the wrong;
We bring light for prisoned spirits, for the captive's wail a song;

We are coming, we are coming, and, "No league with tyrant man,"
Is emblazoned on our banner, while Jehovah leads the van.

We go for Dissolution, &c.

We are coming, we are coming, but we wield no battle brand;
We are armed with truth and justice, with God's charter
And our voice which swells for freedom—freedom now and evermore—
Shall be heard as ocean's thunders, when they burst upon the shore.

We go for Dissolution, &c.

Be patient, O, be patient, ye suffering ones of earth,
Denied a glorious heritage—our common right by birth;
With fettered limbs and spirits; your battle shall be won,
O, be patient—we are coming, suffer on, suffer on.

We go for Dissolution, &c.

We are coming, we are coming; not as comes the tempest's wrath,
When the frown of desolation sits brooding o'er its path;
But with mercy, such as leaves his holy signet-light upon
The air in lambent beauty, when the darkened storm is gone.

We go for Dissolution, &c.

O, be patient in your misery; be mute in your despair;
While your chains are grinding deeper, there's a voice upon the air;
Ye shall feel its potent echoes, ye shall hear its lovely sound,
We are coming, we are coming, bringing freedom to the bound.

We go for Dissolution, &c.

Miscellaneous.

From the Broadway Journal.

A Commission of Lunacy.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

I was once called to decide upon the case of a person who was thought by his friends to be insane. He had been sent to a mad house, and in one of his lucid intervals had demanded a trial of the county judge, and a trial was granted. A jury of six men, of whom I was one, were to decide upon his case. He was a healthy looking gentleman, with nothing unusual in his appearance excepting a restlessness of his eyes, which might not have been observed had he not been accused of insanity. The proofs of his madness were very clear, but he showed so much coolness and clear thinking in his cross questioning of witnesses, that I felt some hesitation in pronouncing him unsound of mind. His case was a very sad one, and he melted the hearts of all who heard him when he appealed to the jury.

"I deny that I am insane, gentlemen," he said, when the judge gave him leave to speak, "but that is a matter of course. No man ever thought himself insane; neither can any man ever think himself so; for, having no standard of soundness but what exists in his own mind, he cannot be unsound to himself, though he may be manifestly so in the mind of another. But who shall determine what is madness and what is not? Be careful, gentlemen, how you pronounce me mad, lest to-morrow I be called to pronounce you so. The proofs that have been offered to you of my madness are to me proofs of entire soundness of mind. I would be mad were I any thing different from what I have been represented. They have brought three physicians, who all say that I am mad. Yet I will compel you to admit that the madness is in them and not in me. I was very sick, very sick, sick at heart, for you must know that I have lost my Bessy and my little boy." Here the unfortunate man hesitated and seemed to lose himself entirely. "I said that I was sick, but it was Bessy. But it must have been me. Yes, I was sick, very sick, sick at heart, for my little boy and Bessy. Bessy again. Yes, Bessy had been sick, but now it was I. I was sick, and they brought me a physician. He felt my pulse, he looked upon me with his cold grey eyes, and then reached me a tumbler half full of a nauseous liquid, which he said would quiet me, and do me good. But all the while I was quieter than a rock, and colder, and harder. I thought that he needed the stuff more than myself, so I caught his head between my knees, and though he struggled hard, yet I poured it down his throat, gen-

tleman, and he was glad enough to escape. Then they brought another to me, who gave me a little globe of sugar, a pin's head was a cannon ball beside it, and told me it would cure my fever. Do you blame me for thrusting the madman out of my chamber? Then they brought me another, who would give me no medicine at all, but ordered them to swathe me in wet sheets. Him, too, I drove from my presence, the lunatic. Yet these are the men who came here to swear to my insanity. Ah, gentlemen, I am not mad, but I wonder that I am not. The combined powers have taken away my Bessy and my little boy, and I shall never, never see them more. Never."

It was a perfectly clear case of lunacy, and a pitiable one. But when we retired to the jury-room, one of the jurors would not agree with the other five. He stretched himself upon a bench, threw a handkerchief over his head, and requested us to wake him when we had come over to his way of thinking. For myself, I was not disposed to be bullied out of my opinion, so I too lay down upon a bench, determined not to yield an inch of my right to think for myself, and in a few minutes fell fast asleep; but I had better have kept awake, for the moment that my eyelids fell, I had to perform the part of a juror again.

It was the same ill-lighted room, the same dull judge who slept through half the trial, the same clownish spectators, the same every thing, except the defendant who yet seemed to be the same person in a different habit.

He was a good looking youth, indeed, I have never seen a finer; his dark chestnut hair and sandy beard were equal to a patent of nobility, for they proclaimed his Saxon blood, and proved him of a race that came upon the earth to conquer it. His eyes were grey and his complexion fair. But, poor man! he was out of his mind. His father was a merchant, and he wept while he gave evidence to his son's insanity. He, the son, would wear his beard, and this was the proof of his madness. In spite of the jeers, the sneers, and the laughter of the world, he would let his beard grow as nature intended. Poor fellow! We all pitied him. So intelligent, so gentle in his manners, so happy circumstanced, and yet mad! He had the hardihood to declare in open court, that he saw no reason why he should deprive his face of the covering which God had put upon it.

"No reason," cried his mother, "O, my son, does not your father shave, your brother, all the world shave but yourself? No reason for shaving? O, my son!"

"True," replied the unfortunate youth, as he stroked his beard with ineffable content, "true, but they are all mad or they would not. I need my beard to protect my face and throat from the wet and cold. It helps to hide the sharp angles of my jaws, it makes makes me more comely, adds to my strength, and keeps me in health. Do I not look more like a man than my father, with his smooth, pale face, who has nothing but his clothes to distinguish him from a woman? Look at him, he has scraped all the hair off his chin, and placed another man's hair on his head! Beautiful consistency. To shave his chin and put false hair on his head! What a mad outrage upon nature. Hair is not always necessary to the head, for it often falls off as we grow old, but it never drops from the chin. I appeal to this honorable court!"

"Silence!" cried the honorable court, who at that moment woke up.

"Justice never sleeps, excepting on the bench," observed the youth in a low voice.

"Go on," said the honorable court, whose business, when out of court, was horse dealing, which fitted him in an eminent degree for the responsibilities of his office.

"I appeal to the honorable court," continued the insane youth, "I appeal to you, gentlemen of the jury, and I would, if it were permitted, appeal to these fair ladies, (there were several old gossips in the room,) to say whether I am not more sane than my father."

"I can't allow such audacious remarks as those in this place," said the honorable court, rising and wiping his honorable face with a dingy handkerchief. "This thing must not proceed any further. I don't know, gentlemen of the jury, as I have ever been more seriously affected in my life, than I have been by this melancholy trial."

"Probably not," said the maniac.

"The court will allow no interruption from no one," said the honorable court, fixing its dreadfully stern eyes on the madman, and stretching out its stumpy fore finger in a threatening manner. "My heart has been melted by the scene we have witnessed."

"A very little heat will melt ice," said the mad youth.

"My feelings are too much hurt for me to proceed," continued the honorable court. "I resign the case into your hands, gentlemen of the jury, only remarking that the young man is mad, and so you must give in your verdict."

The poor youth was immediately put into a strait-jacket and dragged away, yet he still seemed to stand at the bar, but his appearance was changed. He wore a broad-brimmed hat made of oaten straw, a linen blouse which reached below his knees, and a shirt of snowy whiteness open at the throat, so that his manly neck was fully exposed. His complexion was brown, his eye clear and bright, his laughing mouth displayed teeth of a pearly lustre, and he appeared to receive great pleasure in sniffing the fragrance of a bunch of field flowers which he held in his hand. I thought, as I looked at him, that I had never seen a youth who bore so many marks of unequivocal soundness of mind and body. But he was mad, notwithstanding all. His own father was the first witness examined. Poor old man! he could hardly articulate the words which a sense of duty towards his child compelled him to utter.

"Nothing but a hope that judicious medical treatment may restore my son to his senses, could induce me to this dreadful alternative," said the old man after he had been sworn. "My poor son has been afflicted with his disorder for two years. We have tried all gentle means to cure him, but he grows worse and worse. The proofs of his madness are so glaring that he cannot be kept from the mad-house. He is now in his twenty-fifth year; he has had a good education, the best that money could procure; he has made the tour of Europe; he has had all the advantages which my extensive business connections could give him, and yet, gentlemen, regardless of my wishes, and his own welfare, he has married a poor young woman, and

gone to bury his splendid accomplishments on a farm. Is it not dreadful, gentlemen, to witness such a sacrifice? I offered him a share in my business, I proposed to establish him in a splendid distillery, but such was the poor creature's derangement of intellect, that even this brilliant offer could not draw him from the obscurity of the country. Look at his dress, gentlemen; if the court please, is not that *prima facie* evidence of his insanity?"

The court thought it was, but would not give a decided opinion without first looking into somebody's reports.

"Look at him, gentlemen, would any body believe he was the son of a rich merchant? That disgraceful blouse, like a common laborer's. That coarse straw hat! O, gentlemen, pardon a father's weakness! I can say no more."

The mother of the insane man appeared next, but her distress was too great to admit of her giving her evidence in a straight forward manner.

She believed her son to be crazy. Had first suspected it on his return from Paris, on account of his plain clothes; he had left off coffee and tea, and drank nothing but cold water; he talked strangely about the country; quite unlike her other children, who were fond of style, and lived respectably; insanity not peculiar to the family; was not influenced by her husband; had seen her son laugh with the coachman; had opposed his marriage; thought it a decided proof of insanity to marry out of one's own circle; had been the first to propose sending her son to the insane retreat.

After the witnesses delivered their testimony, the court told the maniac that he might address the jury.

"I have nothing to say in regard to the testimony," said the youth, "but that it is all true. I prefer the sweets of a country life to the bitter toils of business. I have a wife whom I love; she brought me no fortune, it is true, but she helps me daily to earn one. I have a little farm which yields more than I need; I have good health, a quiet conscience, and two lovely children whose minds and bodies I am striving to rear in conformity with the dictates of nature. For these I prefer a moderate fortune in the country to an immoderate one in the city. Besides, I look upon the judgment pronounced upon Adam in the light of a command, and I was never happy till the sweat of my own brow seasoned my daily food."

The jury pronounced him mad without leaving their seats.

"A righteous verdict!" said the honorable court.

He was led from the court room, and yet he still stood there, such are the inconsistencies of dreams.

He was now dressed in rusty clothes; his countenance was subdued by thought; he was unhappy, but not uneasy; his eyes were cast down, his lips were more closely pressed together, and the vigorous look of youth was changed for a gravity of demeanor that sat upon him well, though it seemed too grave for his years. There was literally a cloud of witnesses to his insanity. He had been heard to pity a condemned felon; he had said irreverent things of the law; he had spoken against the clergy; he had abused physic; he had given his money to vagabonds; he laughed at the fashions; he had cried at a wedding; he was opposed to war; he had been struck without returning the blow; he had pitied a slaveholder; he had—but the jury would hear no more. They pronounced him mad with one voice. All Bedlam seemed now broken loose. No sooner was one maniac pronounced upon than another occupied the stand. The obscure little court room began to look like the ante-room of the revolutionary tribunal. To expedite business, a whole lot of maniacs were put up together and judged in a lump.

One was a young girl of eighteen who had married her father's poor clerk whom she loved, when she might have married her father's rich partner, whose money her friends loved; a Wall street broker who had refused usury on a note; a grocer who had recommended a customer not to buy his sugar because he could buy cheaper elsewhere; a man who corrected a postoffice error when his letter had been undercharged; a political orator who had refused an office because he did not think himself entitled to one; a lawyer who refused to advocate the cause of a rogue on the pretence of conscientious scruples; a critic who doubted his own infallibility; a lieutenant of marines who gave up his commission and earned his bread by his own labor; an editor of a newspaper who had never called names; an English traveler with out national prejudices; a midshipman who had never damned the service; an artist who painted from nature; an author who was satisfied with a review of his book; a young lady who was offended at being told she was pretty; a poet who considered himself inferior to Shakespeare. These were all pronounced mad. But the noise of their removal awoke me, and finding that the other jurors had gone over to the one who was for rendering a verdict of not insane, I too, instructed by my dream, concluded to coincide with them, lest I should establish a precedent by which I might at some future day be pronounced mad myself.

From Catlin's Work on the Indians.

Anecdote of Catlin and his horse, Charley.

"On this journey, while he and I were twenty five days alone, we had much time, and the best of circumstances, under which to learn what we had as yet overlooked in each other's characters, as well as to draw great pleasure and real benefit from what we already had learned of each other in our former travels.

"I generally halted on the bank of some little stream, at half an hour of sunset, where feed was good for Charley, and where I could get wood to kindle my fire, and water for my coffee. The first thing was to undress 'Charley,' and drive down his picket, to which he was fastened, to graze over a circle that he could describe at the end of his lasso. In this wise he busied himself until nightfall; and after my coffee was made and drunk, I uniformly moved him up, with his picket by my head so that I could lay my hand upon his lasso in an instant, in case of any alarm that was liable to drive him from me. On one of these evenings, when he was grazing as usual, he slipped the lasso over his head, and deliberately took his supper at his pleasure, wherever he chose to prefer it, as he was 'rolling around. When night ap-

proached, I took the lasso in hand and endeavored to catch him, but I soon saw that he was determined to enjoy a little freedom; and he continually evaded me until dark, when I abandoned the pursuit, making up my mind that I should inevitably lose him, and be obliged to perform the rest of my journey on foot.—He had led me a chase of half a mile or more, when I left him busily grazing, and returned to my little bivouac, and laid myself on my bear skin and went to sleep.

"In the middle of the night I waked; while I was lying on my back, and on half opening my eyes, I was instantly shocked to the soul, by the huge figure (as I thought,) of an Indian standing over me, and in the very instant of taking my scalp! The chill of horror that paralyzed me for the moment, held me still, till I saw there was no need of my moving—that my faithful horse 'Charley' had 'played shy' all he had 'filled his belly,' and had then moved up, from feelings of pure affection, or from instinctive fear, or possibly from a due share of both, and taken his position, with his forehead at the edge of my bed, with his head hanging directly over me, while he was standing fast asleep!

"My nerves, which had been most violently shocked, were soon quieted, and I fell asleep, and so continued until sunrise in the morning; when I waked, and beheld my faithful servant at some considerable distance, busily at work picking up his breakfast amongst the cane-brake, along the bank of the creek. I went as busily to work, preparing my own, which was eaten; and after it, I had another half-hour of fruitless endeavors to catch Charley, whilst he seemed mindful of success on the evening before, and continually tantalized me by turning around and around, and keeping out of my reach. I recollected the conclusive evidence of his attachment and dependence, which he had voluntarily given in the night, and I thought I would try them in another way; so I packed up my things, and slung the saddle on my back, trailing my gun in my hand, and started on my route.

After I had advanced a quarter of a mile, I looked back, and saw him standing with his head and tail very high, looking alternately at me and at the spot where I had been encamped, and left a little fire burning. In this condition he stood and surveyed the prairies around for a while, as I continued on. He at length walked with a hurried step to the spot, & seeing every thing gone, began to neigh very violently; and at last started off at the fullest speed, and overtook me, passing within a few paces of me, and wheeling about at a few rods distance in front of me, trembling like an aspen leaf.

"I called him by his familiar name, and walked up to him with the bridle in my hand, which I put over his head, as he held it down for me; and the saddle on his back, as he actually stooped to receive it. I was soon arranged, and on his back, when he started off upon his course, as if he was well contented and pleased, like his rider, with the manoeuvre which had brought us together again, and afforded us mutual relief from our awkward position. Though this alarming freak of Charley's passed off and terminated so satisfactorily, yet I thought such rather dangerous ones to play; and I took good care after that night to keep him under my strict authority; resolving to avoid further tricks and experiments, till we got to the land of cultivated fields and steady habits."

THOMAS A BECKET.—"Thomas A Becket may have inherited a romantic turn of mind from his mother, whose story is a singular one. His father, Gilbert Becket, a flourishing citizen, had been in his youth a soldier in the crusades, and being taken prisoner, became slave to an Emir, or Saracen prince. By degrees he obtained the confidence of his master, and was admitted to his company, where he met a person who became more attached to him. This was the Emir's daughter. Whether by her means or not does not appear, but after sometime he contrived to escape. The lady with her loving heart followed him. She knew, they say, but two words of his language, London and Gilbert, and by repeating the former, she obtained a passage in a vessel, arrived in England and found her trusting way to the metropolis. She then took to her other talisman and went from street to street, pronouncing 'Gilbert.' A crowd collected about her wherever she went, asking of course a thousand questions, and to all she had but one answer—'Gilbert! Gilbert!' She found her faith in it sufficient. Chance, or her determination to go through every street, brought her at last to the one in which he who had won her heart in slavery, was living in good condition. The crowd drew the family to the window; his servants recognized her; and Gilbert A Becket took to his arms and his bridal bed, his far came princess with her solitary fond word."—Leigh Hunt.

PAINT ME AS I AM.—"Paint me as I am," said Oliver Cromwell to young Lely. "If you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling." Even in such a trifle the great Protector showed good sense and magnanimity. He did not wish all that was characteristic in his countenance, to be lost in the vain attempt to give him the regular features and smooth blooming cheeks of the curled-pated millions of James the First. He was content that his face should go forth marked with all the blemishes which had been put upon it by war, by sleepless nights, by anxiety, and perhaps by remorse, but with valor, policy, authority, and public care written in all its princely lines. If men truly great knew their own interests, it is thus they would wish their minds to be portrayed.—Edinburgh Review.

TOBACCO.—One of the German periodicals says: "The chief German physiologists compute, that of 20 deaths of men between 18 and 35, 10, that is one-half, originate in the waste of constitution by smoking. They declare also, with much truth, that tobacco burns out the blood, the eyes and the brain."

Tobacco "induces dyspepsia, by weakening the nervous energy and muscular contractility of the stomach: hence it weakens the appetite, impairs digestion, corrupts the blood, vitates the secretions, produces nervousness, palpitation of the heart, and injures the nice discriminating power of the senses, especially of taste and smell."

John Frost, Printer.